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The Love Song of J. Lender Truetown

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The Love Song of J. Lender Truetown

Let us, you and I, lay ourselves down on designer sheets
spread across our bed like housing market woes
tight across the globe.

Though you ran away to Dublin to a once-cozy one bedroom,
now feverish and shivering with negative equity
from a subprime infection,

As feverish as far-away taxi drivers in New Delhi, holding their bellies
complaining of market influx, that sighs
and seeps like a colorless gas,

As subprime as the world's iconic lovers, no longer bubbling in the
alleys of Madrid,
their hearts as empty as housing units, swooning,
from mortgage malaise,

Yet will I dare to disturb your musings on anticipated wakes,
to call you back and inflate for us an airy bed, as fresh and new
as my American dream.

*Steve Thomas is an Assistant Professor of English. He submitted this poem
“with apologies to T.S. Eliot.”*